

### FACE AND HEAD COVERED WITH SNALES

Shed a Tablespoonful at Night. Hair Full of White Scales. Offers \$100 for Cure. TRIES CUTICURA, & IS CURED.

Last summer I had company—a man and his wife. The man's hands and face had dry, scaly scales on them, and his hair was falling out. His wife said, "Some mornings she would find a tablespoonful of scales on the bed." "Why don't you cure yourself?" He said, "I would give a hundred dollars to be cured. I have paid out a lot of money, but don't get cured." I told him to get CUTICURA, and then he was cured. I would give a hundred dollars to be cured. I have paid out a lot of money, but don't get cured. I told him to get CUTICURA, and then he was cured.

CUTICURA is a pure vegetable preparation that cures itching humors, eczema, and all skin diseases. It is the only cure for dandruff, itching humors, eczema, and all skin diseases. It is the only cure for dandruff, itching humors, eczema, and all skin diseases.

SAVE YOUR HAIR. SNAP For the Brain Worker. STRENGTH For the Physical Worker. STAMINA For Men, Women and Children.

READ THE PROOF! GENTLEMEN, I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system. My blood was watery and thin, lacking strength and vitality. Last January a friend said, "Why not try Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills? They will supply the oxygen your blood needs and give you health and strength."

INDIAN MISSIONS. ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN. IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command in great part failed us, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposed itself at the present moment.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE. We are pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Faith, price 10 cents; The Christian Mother, price 10 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh, price 10 cents; Catholic Belief, price 25 cents, cloth; My Faith, price 10 cents.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS. THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. St. John, B.S., M.A., a leading authority on the subject.

JAMES WILSON, London, Ont. PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION. Can be Seen at our Warerooms DUNDAS STREET.

SMITH BROTHERS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers. LONDON, ONTARIO. Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters. Telephone 538.

FOR WEAK GIRLS AND BOYS. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE. \$20,000,000. This Company holds its Assets in Four Countries.

Financial. MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$6,000,000. REST, \$4,000,000. General banking business transacted. Loans made on reasonable terms.

### SOLITARY ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. By John Talbot Smith, author of "Brother Asarias," "A Woman of Culture," "His Honor the Mayor," "Sarama," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED. He repeated the last words over and over like one in delirium. When he had grown calmer she told him all the circumstances of the last few days, beginning with her last talk with the hermit, and he sat with head bowed, listening, nor made any comment for a time.

"Where were our eyes," she said crying, "that we did not see through this loving imposture long since? A spy could discover him, and we could not!" "The spy has exceptional resources," he answered; "and yet it would have been so easy to have reasoned. You remember the interest he took in me, and I recall the dream I had of him kissing me, poor father! In my sleep—and how in the graveyard here one might be held me in his arms with his cheek against my own; and the time he came to New York, risking so much for love of me. Then his behavior towards Linda on her death-bed. I believe she knew it, for she looked from him to me so strangely—I see it now. I could not see it then. And my mother's behavior when he was present or spoken of. What a life!" he added after a pause, with a shudder of horror and grief, "and what a death, after so much self-denial and love!"

"Oh, be patient," said she, attempting cheerfulness. "They are searching for him bravely, and he is so cunning and active that it will take an expert woodman to overtake him."

"His pursuer," said Florian gloomily, "is by profession an assassin. He has but one instinct, that of death, and he will follow, follow like a hound, never wearying, never stopping, cunning and pitiless as a tiger, until his victim is dead. I can see him now crawling through some lonely patch of timber in the rain with that white face of his shining in the gloom."

"She had to admit that the picture was not overdrawn, and they came to the house in silence."

"I will not go in," he said; "I must get a boat and join in the search. I am going mad, I think."

"But there is no wind, Florian, and you can get no tug, for there is none here. Better wait until the rain stops; there will be a wind then strong enough to make the boat of use."

He held up his hand in the air. "There is wind enough," said he. "I could not stay; I must go."

She went into the house and brought out some oil cloths for him to put on as a protection against the rain. With a servant to manage the boat they started, taking a course straight down the river, in order to meet the tug; but the wind soon died away almost entirely when they were opposite the well-known channel leading into Eel Bay, and Ruth proposed, seeing how impatient he grew, that they would go to the hermit's cabin and wait there for a favorable wind."

"For the first time in years I entered his father's house."

"What a palace for a prince!" he said, and a great bitterness filled his heart as memory after memory connected with the old cabin rose before him. Darkness came on, and the fire was started in the fireplace. He sat reading Isaac Walton or wandering uneasily to the shore, while Ruth, weary, lay down to sleep in the inner room. The night passed in a dead calm. At four o'clock in the morning the clouds parted in the north and a cold, fresh wind stirred the water. He walked her, saying gently: "We must be going." It was cold and unpleasant in the damp morning air, but a few stars shone faintly overhead. As before, they went straight down the river, taking the wider channels in order to intercept the tug if she should be returning. At daylight they had reached Alexandria Bay, and in the distance later on, as the sun was rising, they saw the tug steaming further down the river.

"They have not found any trace of him yet," said Ruth. "They are searching still, or they would be returning."

"Why do they take the islands below instead of those above?" he asked.

"I believe they have a guide on board who lived for some time with your father," she replied. "I am thinking he must have fled in that direction. When I last saw him he was going down the river."

They sailed on, the wind still cold and feeble as before, and in two hours had reached the island. Florian would not go near the tug or make himself known to any one, but went ashore in his oil cloths and silently joined in the search, while Ruth sat by the tug for information. No success yet and no clue! When she returned Florian was waiting for her on the shore.

"They will never make anything of this," he said. "It is too wild and they have to cover much ground. Let us go back and search the islands above."

To Ruth this seemed even a more hopeless task, but she did not feel it necessary to tell him so. The wind was freshening

from the northwest, and with frequent tacking—for the channel in places was narrow—they arrived at Solitary Island a little after noon. On the Canadian shore stood a farmhouse, where they ate dinner, and afterwards they landed at Grindstone and began preparations to search that island through its entire length of seven miles or more. Florian seemed unweary, but Ruth was fastidious and fatigued. Obstacles of every sort began to fall in their way. They had endeavored to secure horses from an island resident and help, which he was disposed to give only for enormous pay, and his petty delays wasted the precious time until half-past three. When at last they were almost ready, Ruth with beating heart, pointed out to Florian a canoe with a single occupant making for Solitary Island; and he, pale as death, watched it for a moment, and then, seeing his hand, ran down to the boat and bade the servant hold the sail. His eyes did not for an instant leave the figure in the canoe, and a flush of deep excitement and tender feeling spread over his face as Scott stepped leisurely from his boat and walked slowly to his cabin. He had quite a moment to pull up his canoe on the beach, and after entering the house closed the door. Evidently no harm had happened to him, and the noise which had been made over his accidental disappearance was premature. It was a few minutes past four when the boat, with a violence that surprised Florian as he helped her from the boat and led her joyfully to the cabin. He pushed open the door with some difficulty because of a heavy movable obstacle on the other side. When he saw and recognized the man, he stepped gently back and, calmly as might be, knelt beside the fallen form of his father and put his hand over the heart. It was forever stilled. The pallid face and half-closed eyes were evidence enough without the bullet-wound and the blood stains on his garments. Scott was dead. In his hand he held a small crucifix, and the tears which he had shed in his last moments still lay on his cheek.

CHAPTER XXI. THE PRINCE'S STORY. It was a rare day in Clayburgh—rare for November. The air had a golden, fine-sun clearness, and the blue river was bluer than ever, although the islands, no longer green, showed their gray sides over the sparkling waters like faded tombstones in a spruce forest. The village was not so quiet as usual, for the men and villagers shook their heads over the burst of unexpected sunshine. The late tragedy which had taken place had ruffled for a few hours the placid stream of existence. The affair was nobody's business in particular. There was no widow, no orphan, no child, no one who was dear and died a lonely man, and the violence of his taking off concerned only society in general and the officers of the law. Had he been a popular, sociable fellow there might have been great excitement; but he was a case of quietude, and his death had all been said about it that could possibly be said. Clayburgh had a public calamity to grieve over. Florian had been defeated; his defeat had hurt it to the quick. It could not understand the counties of the north, and the Squire, who were ignorant of the merits of the candidate, or had they been practised upon by designing rivals or office-seeking Whigs? The democrats had deserted their candidate by thousands. The rest of the ticket had fallen in with the Squire, and the Squire, who had been "scratched" by his supposed friends, and left a total ruin upon the battle-field. What was the murder of a solitary, our fisherman to such a crime!

However, the villagers did not, in their deep grief for their candidate, forget and neglect their duties. On the second day after Scott's death a fair number of the fathers, in blue swallow-tails, black chokers, and white felt hats, made the pleasant journey across the river and through the islands with a deep sense of duty, for they had to be down to the dead man in taking so much trouble to pay his funeral honors. They were severely taken back on finding, when the boat landed them on Solitary Island, that they formed a very respectable minority of the people there assembled. Boats of all kinds lay along the shore. Their owners were scattered about the island in holiday clothes as fresh and stylish as the old white hats walked up to the cabin with muttered "I had no idea," and paid their respects to the man whom living they had rarely presumed to address. He lay in the little kitchen which for twenty years had been his living room. The brown habit of the scapular was his shroud and was the source of much speculation and wonderment. For no one had been aware that Scott had been working every day, although a man nearly 70 years of age, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me.

JAMES SIMPSON, Newcombe Mills, Ont.

If the Kidneys are not in a perfectly clean and healthy condition, the blood becomes impregnated with impurities, and a decay of the Kidneys soon takes place. Headache, Dizziness, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Indigestion of the Stomach, and a long list of Kidney troubles, sooner or later in so many instances end fatally. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure all Kidney troubles. Sold by all dealers, price 25 cents per box.

From Kidney Disease—Although a Man of Three-Score and Ten, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills gave him back perfect health.

from his enemies. She wrung her hands and wept as this sharp reproof pierced her heart. But what need to trouble the mind now with conflicting thoughts? It was all over. In a strange land, among a strange people, the exile had died! In a poor but the Russian prince, dead and cold, received from the hands of the pliers those rife and weary limbs which would have been propped up in a free country he had fallen as helplessly as in the land of the czars! His laws had been no protection to him. Little he cared now, indeed, for what had been or for all his wrongs; what he asked was a grave and a prayer for his soul.

In the closed bedroom reclined the lately defeated candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. His costume was not one of mourning, but such as he had been accustomed to wear, correct and gentlemanly, with a smack of over-polish. His face was pale and weary. No evidence of any deep disappointment for his defeat or of any shock at the violent taking off of his father was visible. For a man in his unique position he bore himself very well. Looking at the dead hermit, and saluting him as his father after agony visited his features shapeless for an instant, but passed away beneath his wonderful self-poise. "That way madness lies," was the thought which shaped itself in his mind. He sat there all the afternoon, and when night came, heedless of the change, he walked up the hill and to the Squire's house. Three days passed—days of some anxiety to the friends of Florian. What was he doing on the island? His letters were sent to him daily, and there were many of them, while the mail sent back by the Squire's agency waited in the Squire's house. His letters were few, but his idle hours were few. Yet Ruth was apprehensive. About what she could hardly say; so with the Squire she called on Pere Rougevin to hear the latest news of Florian. "He will be here within the hour," said the priest, "rejoice! He is coming to learn what I know of his father."

"I am so glad that—well," she stopped abruptly, "after all, I do not know that he is well."

"There is nothing to disturb him particularly," said the priest, with the faintest suspicion of scorn, which the Squire took for praise. "He remained on the island partly to investigate the cabin where his father lived, and partly to enjoy quiet retirement after an arduous campaign. Sentiment does not enter largely into Florian's make-up."

"He is too much of a Yankee for that," said the admiring Squire. "There's nothing in this world can put Florian down, unless death. I just date on that boy."

The sharp ring of the door-bell sounded at the moment, said the Squire, "I invite you both to remain and hear what I am to tell about this so-called Scott. It is a curious history and contains nothing that you may not know."

"If Florian does not object—"

"Don't you fret," said the Squire, cutting off Ruth's polite remarks, for he was eager to stay. "Don't you fret. Florian has no family secrets from me—us, I mean."

When Florian entered the Squire saved any one the trouble of replying to his grave salutation by at once taking the position of chairman, and believing the meeting, Ruth was satisfied to note in silence the changes which a few days had made in the politician's face. It was paler than usual, and the eyes seemed sunken and weary. The evidences were that Florian had not passed as quiet a time as the Squire's remarks, for he was in the hurry and gentle excitement of an animated conversation the paleness and hollowness disappeared to a great degree.

"As you intend to return to-night," said Pere Rougevin, by the way of preface, "I suppose you are willing to have me begin my narration. I wish that Miss Ruth and her father should hear it, if you have no objections."

Of course Florian had none, and the Squire was delighted.

"I became aware of the facts which I tell you," he said, "not by any favor on your father's part, but through an accident. In the ordinary course of my parish business the priest found it necessary to confide in me. If he was more precise in his account of his life to me than to any other, it was because I insisted on knowing the whole story, with every shade that time had cast upon it."

"You know the title which belongs to him and how he lost it. He was a Catholic and favored a poor relative, of no principle. He lost his position, and almost his life, through this relative, who, by intrigue quite possible in Russia, convinced the Czar that his relative, your father, was conspiring against him. A friend laid before the unfortunate Prince the state of affairs. He saw at once that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He was young and practically friendless, for a Catholic noble of the blood royal was unique and stood alone. With his two children he hurried into France."

"The fate of his wife, the Princess, was particularly sad. She was a woman of mind and will. When the Prince spoke of exile she refused to leave her country. A good and reasonable grounds, however. Her family was powerful. She at last was safe, and she was bent on doing her utmost to save her husband's estates and name. But for safety's sake she urged the Prince to depart with the children, and she did, without misgivings, yet without hope. His brave wife returned to the home of her father, made many efforts to save the estates, and gained so many important favors from the emperor that the scheming relative saw his plotting in danger of coming to light. In her father's house the Princess died suddenly, of poison."

"There was no crime, it seems, at which this relative would stop. The Prince and his children—his name was Florian, like your own, sir—shortly felt the sting of his unscrupulousness. Tracked to Paris, to Madrid, to Genoa, to London, they had many narrow escapes from death at the hands of his agents. The wilds of America offered him a refuge, to which he fled. Hope was dead in him. Henceforth his one effort was to hide himself and his children from the assassin. He could not do it, as you have seen, but all that man could do he did, and if he fell himself, probably saved you. 'The rest you know.'"

"It was abrupt, concise, unsympathetic, this recital of an unfortunate man's life, and it left as many points unsettled as had been told. Florian, however, was prepared with a bristling array of questions. He wanted to discover the spirit of his father's struggle, and could not be content with these dry bones.

"Much of this information was contained in the letters and documents held by Mrs. Wallace," said Florian.

"I do not know," replied the priest. "I never saw the letters. Your father's friend preserved them as mementoes of a time foregone. Mrs. Wallace removed them to her secret closet without his permission."

"I thought my father of no religion," said Florian. "I had never seen about him in all the time that I knew him a single evidence of his faith. Was he a—"

"No," said the Pere, with a touch of generous feeling, "he was a fervent Catholic, such a Catholic as misfortune makes; but it was a part of his plan to let little be known about himself. In an obscure village miles eastward from here he went to Mass and confession."

"Yet his whole speech had a certain coloring," Ruth said earnestly—"a spiritual quality which only a Catholic could feel and show. We thought it was philosophy—backwoods philosophy."

"He was a great philosopher, too," said the Pere.

"His education had been thorough. He was a finished scholar. He had been the Isaac Walton of a blind," blurted out the half-indignant Squire, "and his talk about governments meant more than I thought."

"It was his deep, and sincere, and simple piety that thrilled me most," Ruth said, with glowing eyes. "However else he deceived you, he could not hide that, and I loved him for it. He was like a child."

"Of that there is no doubt. Suffering of the severest sort had chastened him beyond belief. For one so tossed about and so broken, he was so unexpectingly as sweet as unexpected," the priest said feelingly.

To this compliment Florian gave no apparent heed.

"Before Linda died," he said, "I suppose from what I recall of that time, that he told her his secret."

"On the very day of her death he told her. He found it hard to make her see the wisdom of keeping it a secret still, from you at least; but with my aid he succeeded."

"Poor Linda, poor child!"

Ruth glanced from the priest to the politician regretfully. There was a very little in the manner of either to warrant a suspicion of mutual dislike, but the priest's deliberate mention of his connection with the task of keeping Linda silent was a simple declaration of war. Passing over the hermit's visit to New York, he came to the events immediately preceding the late tragedy.

"The letter which I received from an unknown friend warning me of the Russian's designs against me was probably penned by my father."

The Pere shrugged his shoulders. He did not know of the letter, nor had the hermit told him of it.

"Was he apprehensive, after the visit of the spy, that trouble was coming upon him?"

"Well, yes," said the priest, slowly; "yes, he was. But he had so much confidence in his disguise that he feared only for you. When he heard how you arranged the matter he was thoroughly satisfied and said, 'Now the danger is over.'"

"Did he have any occasion to lose this confidence afterwards?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

### CRAWFORD, THE NOVELIST, A POOR THEOLOGIAN.

It is pitiful to see a novelist of Crawford's talent betray such a lack of knowledge of things Catholic, while at the same time professing an adhesion to Catholic doctrine. Father Searlein the February Catholic World Magazine with the keenness of an able theologian, though hardly with the finess of a skillful surgeon, lays bare the blunders Crawford makes in his *Taqisara*.

He says: "Some time ago we had occasion to notice one or two of the egregious blunders of Mr. Marion Crawford in his otherwise fine novel, *Corleone*. At that time we had not read a story of his called *Taqisara*; also a good story, though hardly equal to the one just named. But the blundering in it is so enormous and monumental; the author wallows and tangles himself up in such a mass of ridiculous and preposterous mistakes as to the law of the Church, that in this respect it is probably unsurpassed by anything hitherto written by Mr. Crawford or any one else, and it is not likely that, even in his happiest vein, he himself can ever excel it."

"The whole business, as it stands, is simply execrable. There is absolutely no excuse for any one, even had he not the easy access to reliable sources of information that Mr. Crawford necessarily has, when he attempts to write about professional matters without professional information. His conduct is exactly the same in the case as if he should undertake to write a novel involving nice points of State law without taking the least trouble to consult a lawyer as to what the law of the State concerned actually might be, or a sea-story without asking or in any way finding out the name of a single steamer or rope on the vessels he had to describe, or the evolutions of which these vessels were capable. Every Catholic, to say the least, ought to know that the legislation of the Church, especially on the subject of marriage, is full of intricacies and accurate distinctions, which cannot be understood in all their details without long and painstaking study, such as lawyers and physicians give to their respective professions; and if, as may well be presumed, he has not time or taste for such study, he ought to present his case, whether it be one of fact or fiction, to some one who is by such study qualified to know what he is talking about."

A Generous Offer. We are authorized to offer our readers, prepaid, a free sample of a never failing cure for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, influenza, and such throat and nasal diseases. There is no mystery about Catarrh; however, its effect is magical. Ointments, washes cannot reach its diseased parts, and thus its cure is delayed. But Catarrh is carried by air directly to the diseased part, and is like a breeze from the pinna woods. Write for free sample to N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

You Must have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would be well.

The means by which unbelievers are drawn to the Church are so unnumbered and sometimes so unexpected that the history of conversions to the faith is never without interest, while always affording encouragement or edification to the reader. It often happens that obstacles in the path of the honest inquirer become stepping-stones; help is sometimes found where least sought; the dawn breaks and graces are vouchsafed in many instances which the recipient little thought of, and for which, perhaps, he had never prayed. It has often been remarked that a conversion to the Church generally results, sooner or later, in numerous other conversions; and it almost invariably happens that many to whom the faith is a bright light learn to appreciate it more thoroughly from association with those who have only just received the all-precious gift.

Special interest attaches to the following narrative, less an account of the distinguished position of the persons concerned than because it recounts the reclamation of two strayed souls, who had actually renounced their faith on account of those to whom it is now the dearest possession. One is reminded of that passage in the Acts of the Apostles where it is stated that "the number of the disciples was multiplied exceedingly," to read of so many persons entering the Church as the result of a single conversion.

The present narrative is the substance of a privately printed pamphlet in which the writer tells the history of her own conversion; and is followed by a letter in which we are permitted to present to other members of two families. Both of these documents will be read with no less interest than edification; and we are sure that many persons will share the gratitude we feel to those whose kindness has enabled us to publish so precious a recital.

I was born in New York, and brought up in the Presbyterian Church. A constant attendant at Sunday-school and an omnivorous reader, I early imbibed a most inveterate hatred of the Catholic Church from books published by the American Tract Society, in which she is represented as the "Scarlet Woman," and the Pope as "anti-Christ." When, finally, through God's mercy, my way led me across the ocean and I came to Italy, I was as bitter an enemy to the Church of Rome as ever I had been in the days of my childhood.

I reached Florence the last day of May. That evening, in taking a walk with my sister, we chanced to hear singing in a quiet little church called the Madonna delle Grazie, which used to be on the bridge of that name. We went in, attracted by the lights and the voices; it was something to see a bit of local color. It must have been the last service of the Month of Mary, and it was the first time I ever heard these blessed words, *Rosa Mystica, Stella Matutina, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!*

I remember kneeling and praying very earnestly for my absent mother, little dreaming that our dear Lord was on the altar before me, but fully believing that "where two or three are gathered together in His name, there He is in the midst of them."

I had come to Italy for six months, and, after visiting Florence and Siena, we came to Rome. We had a furnished apartment in the house of a Italian lady of rank in reduced circumstances. Upon one occasion she was to have a private audience with Leo XII and invited me to go with her. I knew very little Italian then, but I understood when his Holiness, with his genial smiles, said to the Marchesa: "This young lady lives with you? She is good, is she not?" And I, not wishing to be under false colors, and thinking he meant to ask if I were a good Catholic, hastily made confession of faith there at the feet of the Holy Father, and said: "Your Holiness, I am a Protestant." He seemed amused at my candor, and, laying his hand on my head, he answered: "But I will give you my blessing for you and all your family."

Time passed, and before my term of residence had expired I had proposed to remain there forever. A year before my marriage, my sister married the brother of my husband. Our husbands belonged to an old Catholic family, one of whose ancestors has been Crusader, but they themselves, I regret to say, were very lukewarm Catholics in spite of a most devoted mother; and we were married in the American Episcopal Church, in the Via Nazionale, at Rome—after, of course, the civil marriage at the Capitol, which is only the tie binds according to modern Italian law. My husband's family pressed the desire that we should press to baptize our children in the Catholic faith. But I flatly refused, saying that it would be impossible for me to bring up my children in a creed which I myself did not believe. When my dear boy was born, he was baptized at home by an Episcopal clergyman.

When my boy was two years old he became very ill from teething, and physician ordered him to be taken to the mountains immediately. I was obliged to go alone with him, and we decided upon Siena; in fact, the road tickets were bought for that place. But a singular aversion to the place came over me, and I passed a sleepless night revolving in my mind how could avoid going there without being considered capricious—which